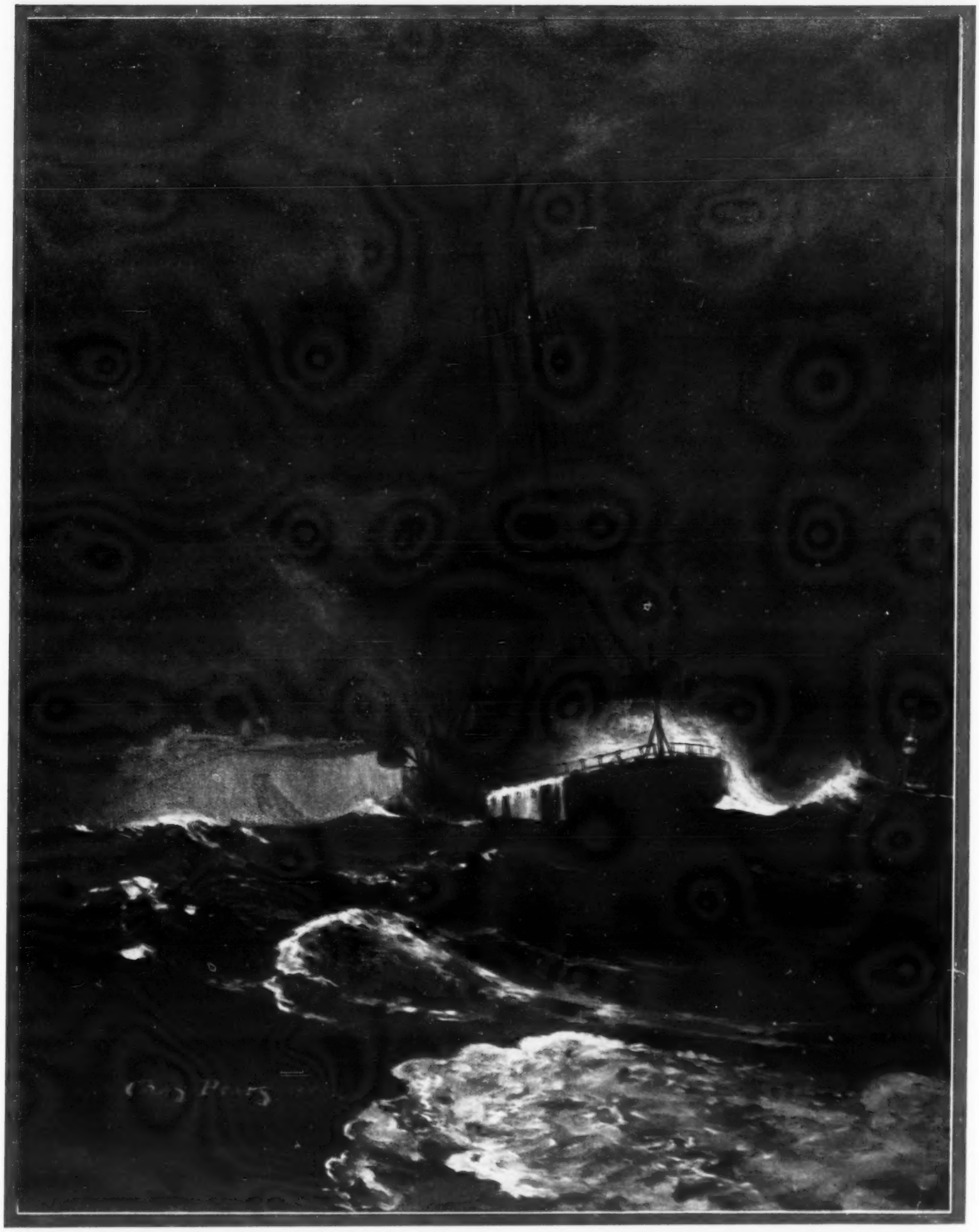
"When the Storm Picks Up the Siren's Howl and Flings It Towards the Town."

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES PEARS.



"PUT TO SEA AT ONCE. SHAPE COURSE FOR START POINT": A BATTLE-SHIP ORDERED OUT OF DOVER.

"There is a whole gale of wind and a blackened sky. Occasional slits of light bursting through the obscuring gloom throw into blinding contrast whate'er they illuminate. Away in the Downs the ships of commerce are rolling furiously, moored in safety. The force of the wind takes a man's breath away like a blow in the ribs; it rages howling so that his voice flies past him unheard. The sight of the rushing waters outside is enough to shrivel a man's heart as the great mounds pile themselves shorewards, bursting into columns of whitest foam. The rain slobbering down between the racing clouds falls like liquid fat upon ships and men, and cliffs and castle. Silently the order from Whitehall comes: 'Put to sea at once: shape course for Start Point. Report time of departure.' Upon the battle-ship you would think each man was preparing for a picnic, to judge by the merry and hearty goodwill to be off in creditable time. The storm picks up the siren's howl and flings it towards the town. There is no soul upon the jetty to wave a hand, for the jetties are awash with bursting spray. Proudly she pushes through the narrow entrance, then as she meets the first wave clouds of spray fly over her. The tide takes hold of her like a cork for a moment until her course is corrected for its influence. Then a game of give-and-take is played by the storm fiend. But the power of man's handiwork is equal to that of the ill-tempered ogre's. The battle-ship has got her offing, and, churning down Channel, she kicks her heels definitely at the white horses which the disappointed demon flings after her."

Like a Scene from Dante's "Inferno": Great Furnaces by Night.

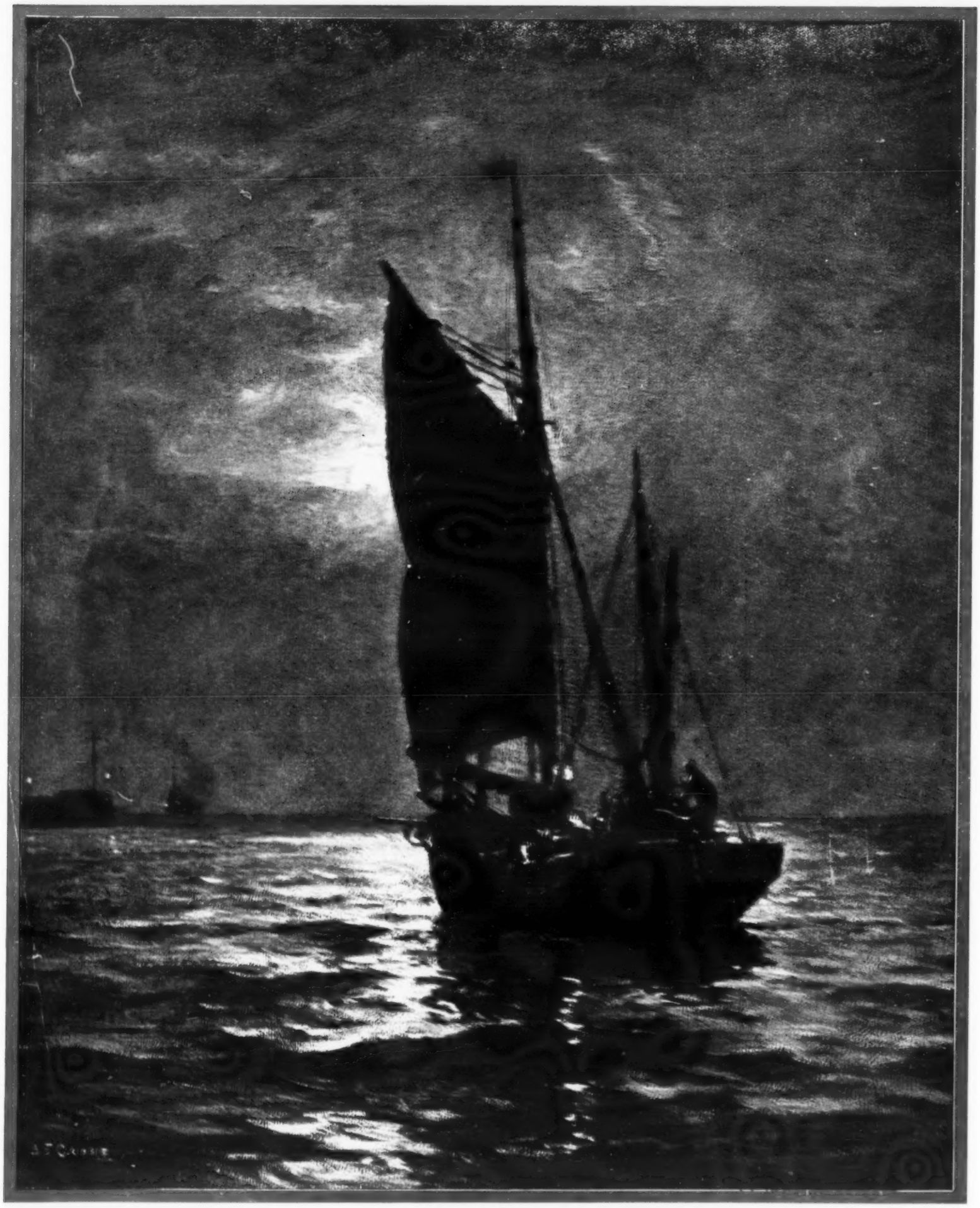
FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGES SCOTT.

CREATING THE MOUTH FOR THE ONLY TONGUE UNDERSTOOD BY THE SAVAGE: GUN-MAKING AT CREUSOT.

When Longfellow wrote "Truly the only tongue that is understood by the savage Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon," it might have been added that there are times when even the most civilised fail to understand until the voice of the great gun is heard. Hence the strenuous endeavours to perfect those weapons which may keep peace between nations, and yet are potent allies in the day of battle: hence work in the great armament factories, not only by day, but by night, not only when the dogs of war are in leash, but when they have been let loose. By daylight the scene of the Vulcan-like labours of man are sufficiently awe-inspiring: at night, with the glare of the flame on cloud and vapour and metal, they create a scene suggesting Dante's "Inferno."

Christmas at Sea: "In the Light of the Moon."

From the Painting by Bernard F. Gribble: Reproduced by Permission of the Autotype Fine Art Co., Ltd., 74, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.



"STAUNCH AND STRONG, A GOODLY VESSEL,
THAT SHALL LAUGH AT ALL DISASTER,
AND WITH WAVE AND WHIRLWIND WRESTLE."

—Longfellow: "Building of the Ship."